

Over The Edge

by Technow

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Summary: Set in Dragons: Race To The Edge. Is there really so much difference between a Viking and a pirate? If you think yes, you haven't met enough pirates yet. Or Vikings, for that matter. Rated T for incessant swearing, mostly on the part of one foul-mouthed pirate.

1. Set Sail For, Uh, Thataway!

Prologue: Set Sail For, Uh, Thataway!

"Yo ho, yo ho, a pirate's life for me," An off-pitch song warbled through the ocean breezes. "Yo ho, yo ho, I want something to see! Seriously! I'm sick of all this water!"

A girl flopped back onto the rowing bench of her small boat. "I want land. Dirt, soil, trees, sand. Is that too much to ask for?"

The boat wasn't large. It was, in essence, an oversized rowboat with a fore mast shoddily rigged to the front by a variety of knots and some nails. It had been done poorly, too. The sail was made out of pine leaves stitched together with thread and cut into a mostly triangular shape.

The girl herself, was lanky and thin, dressed in a wooden jerkin with a leather overcoat over it, leather pants and sandals, and a three-brimmed dark brown hat mounted atop her long orange hair, which went down to her shoulder blades in all sides. A cutlass hung from her belt. She took a swig from her water bladder, and once again fruitlessly searched the horizon for signs of land. When there was none to be found, she cursed. "I am so sick of all this goddamn water!"

A shrill, screeching roar answered her. Her face went pale in fear. "Nevermind, water's good, water's great! I love water!" The pirate fumed to herself. "Goddamn sea gods,"

But her expression changed again as she saw a distant shadow in the fog. "Please tell me that's land," she begged, turning the boat towards the shadow and squinting through the mist surrounding her.

The girl was rewarded by a jagged, rocky outcropping. "Land! Hip-hip-hoo-rah!" She jumped for joy, before reaching for her makeshift sail rig and guiding the boat around the outcropping, searching for a beach that she could land the boat on as the outcropping extended into a full island.

Her efforts bore no fruit as she continued to circle around the island, until she happened upon a rocky rise jutting out of the ocean. It was hardly the beach she'd been hoping for, but it looked solid enough that she could land the boat without wrecking it. The girl hauled on the ropes, bringing the ship around, and letting the wind gently push it onto the slope.

As soon as the bottom of the hull grated against rock, she leapt onto dry land with a rope made from a vine, quickly tying the boat down and securing its position, half in the water and half on the rock. Having done that, she rapidly inspected the bottom of the hull for damage. Satisfied that there was none to be had, the pirate lay back, enjoying the rock on her back. "I missed land,"

A circle of jade inscribed with several odd-looking etches, rimmed in carefully cut oak and attached to a string around her neck, slipped out of her shirt and hit the rocky floor.

2. Pirate's Landing

****Disclaimer:** I do not own any of the characters or settings featured in this fiction with the exception of Amelia, the dragon she will eventually become partnered with (don't look at me like that, it's obvious she'll eventually get a dragon) and a few other characters who will eventually appear. This will not be repeated, so, yeah. That's out of the way, ******

Chapter 1: Pirate's Landing

Hiccup moaned, picking himself up and climbing out of his bed in Dragon's Edge. Toothless, his Night Fury dragon partner and best friend, eagerly sniffed at him. "I'm not a morning person, bud. You know that," he protested, staggering over to the oil stove and setting a pot of coffee to boil. Toothless snorted in derision. The black dragon didn't like coffee.

Hiccup redressed himself as he waited for the coffee to boil, before staggering over and opening the curtains that served as a door to his hut. He looked down as Dragon's Edge was bathed in sunlight, and spotted the members of his team getting ready for the day in their own homes. "Aaaah! Hookfang! No fire in the house!" Snotlout's voice echoed through the airspace, accompanied by plumes of smoke from his hut. Hiccup smothered a guffaw, before turning back and picking up his mug of coffee.

Toothless nudged him as he drained the mug, and Hiccup looked down to see his dragon offering him his saddled back. He shrugged. "Alright, bud, one quick flight around the island, just to wake up. We should

probably check the watchtowers anyway," he decided, and Toothless eagerly twisted around and got to the landing platform just outside Hiccup's elevated hut. The Viking followed, feeling the coffee work it's magic, as he settled into the dragon's saddle. Without waiting, Toothless leapt into the air, soaring out to the ocean. "Whoa, bud, where ya going? We're checking the perimeter, remember?" Hiccup protested, but Toothless turned his head to look at him and snorted.

The boy didn't understand dragons as a whole, but had become adept at determining his own's various attempts at communication and he was pretty sure that this one translated to "I've got something to show you," Hiccup shrugged. "Alright bud, lead the way,"

His dragon twisted and swerved, before correcting his course as Hiccup tried to figure out where they were going.

X

The pirate wandered up the island, headed towards a forest in hopes of finding a river where she could refill her bladders. "It would help if I knew where I was," she muttered to herself, but shrugged it off as wishful thinking and doggedly continued, occasionally looking back to check that her boat was still in sight. "Gotta love survivalism,"

The island she was on was by no means small, but mostly consisted of a solitary, rearing mountain surrounded by some foliage, all mounted atop a set of rocks rearing out of the ocean. "Nice place," the girl commented, looking around, before tensing as something whipped past her shoulders. In half a second, she had drawn her cutlass and reared to face her assailant - but stumbled back in shock at the sight of a pale green Deadly Nadder brandishing it's spiny tail at her and menacingly spreading it's wings. "A dragon?" The pirate blinked, uncomprehending, before launching into a string of curses, each more vulgar and upsetting than the last. "Please tell me I'm not in that Archipelago," she finally concluded, wielding her cutlass in a ready stance. The Nadder roared, launching more of it's spines. She ducked, deflected one with the flat of her sword, before bringing it down in a sweeping arc.

Two halves of a spine hit the ground to either side of her, perfectly bisected by her blade. The dragon screeched, before spreading it's wings and flapping away. The girl watched it go, before groaning to herself and turning away. "Well, at least I know where I am now. Only one place in the world has beasts like that,"

Sighing to herself, she quickly found a suitable river and filled her bladder, before dashing back to her boat as rapidly as possible.

The girl was stunned at the sight that awaited her. Her boat had been destroyed, smashed into charred driftwood. Another dragon, a Typhoomerang, was flying away into the sky. She screamed obscenities at the top of her lungs after the dragon.

X

In all his years, Hiccup had never heard, or expected to hear, anything quite like the stream of foul language piercing the sky from a nearby island. Toothless was disturbed by it too, mans looked back

at his rider. "What was that?" he questioned incredulously, before realising Toothless had turned to angle towards the source. "Good idea, bud. Better go check that out,"

It was coming from a nearby island, that was elevated atop a high rocky cliff with a mountain reaching into the sky. A rocky plinth extended downwards into a small plateau. As Hiccup drew closer, he spotted a tiny human figure on the plateau, swearing at the sky. Nearby, several charred planks were lying on the rock.

"Let's go find out what this is all about, eh bud?" Hiccup gently guided Toothless downwards, and the dragon complied, dipping towards the rocky plinth and coming in to land.

Seconds before landing, he suddenly noticed the wicked-looking sword in the person's hand, and the way they were dressed. "A pirate," he breathed, before shaking his head. "Regardless, he still needs help,"

Toothless landed with ease, and the pirate immediately wheeled towards them, brandishing her sword. She paused in surprise at the sight of Hiccup climbing off Toothless and picking up his polished Gronckle-Iron shield, expertly slinging it onto his right arm. "How can you stand to ride one of those beasts?" she demanded.

Hiccup, for his part, was shocked too. "You're a girl?" he demanded. The pirate's shock rapidly turned to anger. "Whaddya mean, I'm a girl? What, can't girls carry swords in this barbaric place?" In an instant, the point of the sword was levelled at Hiccup's throat, and he hastily brought his shield up to defend himself -

But Toothless got there first, leaping in front of his friend, knocking the sword from the girl's hand, before jumping on her and forcing her onto her back. His jaws opened and purple light shone down his throat as he prepared a fireball. "Whoa, Toothless! Stop!" Hiccup commanded. Toothless narrowed his eyes, but swallowed his fire and got off. The pirate glared at the dragon, keeping her eyes on him as she reclaimed her sword. Hiccup cautiously approached her. "Okay. Let's not do that again. I'm Hiccup. You are?" he introduced himself. "Amelia," the pirate snorted.

Hiccup looked around. "That was your boat, wasn't it?" he asked, gesturing at the charred and broken driftwood. Amelia snorted. "One of your dirty great beasts destroyed it,"

"Whoa. Okay. Firstly, they aren't all my beasts, just this one," Hiccup gestured at Toothless. "Secondly, he was probably provoked. Did you do anything to upset him?"

"No! All I saw of it was it flying away after wasting my boat!" she fumed. Hiccup blinked. "That doesn't sound right. What kind of dragon is it?"

"A big one!" Amelia burst out, incredulous. "That's, not very helpful. What did it look like? How big were it's wings?"

"It was spinning around like a giant boomerang. I barely saw anything," she told him. "Spinning around? Only one kind of dragon flies like that. A Typhoomerang," Hiccup surmised, and the pirate hissed vehemently. "It'll be dead meat if I ever see it again,"

The Viking gulped, but shrugged it off. He had heard worse threats from Astrid. "So, uh, given that you're stranded, do you want to come back to Dragon's Edge with me?"

Amelia paused. "Dragon's Edge is your town?"

"It's, ah, more of an outpost really, only six of us live there full-time," Hiccup awkwardly scratched the back of his neck. But Amelia seemed enthusiastic. "Sure. Where's your ship?"

The boy blinked. "Aaahhh,"

She looked at Toothless. "You're kidding,"

"Aaaaaaaahhhh,"

"You're not kidding," Amelia groaned, before rolling her eyes. "Where do I sit?"

X

"So, you aren't from around here, are you?" Hiccup tried to start conversation. "No. I'm from England,"

"Is that far away?" He had never heard of England. Maybe it was in the southern parts of the Archipelago?

"Very far away. Well outside your cluster of islands far away," Amelia snorted. "Oh," Hiccup blinked. It had never occurred to him that there could be a place that far away. "And there are lots of pirates there?"

"Nope. England as a country hates pirates like me. They hate us so much that they send special ships called the navy to hunt us down and kill us. Which is what happened to my ship," Amelia looked almost sad at this. Hiccup was about to say something, but she continued. "They were blasting the old girl to pieces with their cannons. I managed to get to one of the lifeboats and used the wreckage of the ship to hide until they left, then salvaged as many supplies as I could, rigged a makeshift sail and got as far away from England as I could. Given I somehow ended up in this place, I think it worked,"

"Oh, I, uh-" Hiccup started, but Amelia interrupted him again. "Don't get all pirate-hatey on me, okay? In a place like England, if you're born with nothing, you'll never have anything. Turning to piracy was the only way I could make something of myself," she explained. Toothless sympathetically rumbled, and the pirate glared at him. "Oh, shut up, lizard,"

"How long were you adrift for?" Hiccup asked. "Two months, give or take. But I wasn't adrift, I just didn't know where I was going," Amelia hotly defended herself. Toothless snorted in derision.

"Sounds tough," the Viking surmised. "It was more boring than anything," Amelia shrugged. "How long until we reach this Dragon's Edge place?"

"Not long. Ten minutes max,"

A/N

A/N

****Hey, new fic. Woot!****

****Don't start talking about historical accuracy, and that there weren't Vikings and British navies and pirates at the same times. I'm mostly going off stuff I saw in the Pirates of the Caribbean movie series in relation to that, and this is a world where Vikings have horns on their helmets, plus the whole dragons thing. Historical accuracy is M.I.A.****

****So, yeah. Peace!****

3. Cutlass' Edge

Chapter 2: Cutlass' Edge

Toothless landed on the platform near Hiccup's house, where his five friends were gathered.

"Who's she?" Astrid immediately demanded as soon as she saw Amelia.

"Who's she?" Amelia instantly retorted. Both of them glared at Hiccup for answers.

"Ooh, is this a thing we're doing? Who's he?" Tuffnut asked, gesturing at Hiccup, who groaned, facepalming. "Astrid, Amelia. Amelia, Astrid. Tuffnut, shut up,"

"I thought your name was Hicc-up," Tuffnut frowned. Astrid pulled out her axe. "Shut up, Tuffnut,"

"Oh, that shut up. Okay," the twin nodded.

The two girls squared each other up. Amelia noticed that Astrid still had her axe at the ready and drew her cutlass in response, tilting it so that the sun glinted off the edge of the blade. "Nice sword," Astrid nodded. "Nice stick," Amelia cocked her head. "You did not just call my axe a stick!" the blonde girl growled, rushing forwards and bringing her axe down in an arcing sweep. In a flash, Amelia parried, using the flat of her blade to deflect the axe, before twisting it in her hands and cutting straight through the handle of the axe. The head clattered to the ground, leaving Astrid staring at the piece of wood left in her hand. "Looks like a stick to me," the pirate smirked.

She looked up and glared, before breaking into a smile and offering a handshake. "Impressive. Nice to meet you," Amelia accepted the handshake, and Astrid immediately tightened her grip. "You owe me an axe,"

The pirate winced, pulling her hand free and casting an intrigued glance at her. "Don't expect payment any time soon. Everything I had went down with the ship,"

"What ship?" Ruffnut asked. "Forget the ship! What brought it down?" Tuffnut eagerly asked. "Yeah, yeah, what brought it down?" his twin sister agreed. "Was it a Scauldron?"

"Two Scauldrons?"

"An entire herd of Scauldrons?"

"The navy," Amelia growled in anger. "I've never heard of that dragon before," Tuffnut frowned. "Fishlegs! What kind of dragon is a navy!" Ruffnut barked at Fishlegs, turning around. "I've never heard of a dragon called that," the plump boy frowned. "It's not a dragon. It's an army of ships that hate pirates," Amwlia summarised. "Were you part of the navy?" Tuffnut asked.

A vein tightened in Amelia's neck. Dashing forwards, she bodily picked the boy up, held him over his head and threw him off the platform. Tuffnut screamed as he fell, before a loud thunk was heard. "Is that a no?" his voice echoed back up. "Oh yeah, now that's the kind of action I like!" Snotlout grinned, stepping forwards, placing his hands on his hips. "The name's Snotlout, fair madam. You may gush in awe," he paused for effect, "now,"

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!" the muscular Viking screamed as he fell towards the ground underneath the platform, before landing with another thunk. "I'm okay! Tuffnut broke my fall!"

"You like throwing people off things, huh?" Fishlegs gulped. "Could you not do that to me?" he asked politely. The pirate looked him up and down. "No, you're too heavy,"

The fatter Viking breathed a sigh of relief as Ruffnut echoed. "She's so awesome,"

"Okay, so, uh, we should get you settled in," Hiccup suggested. "I'll take you to the guest house,"

X

Amelia had taken one look at the guest house and said, "It won't do," Therefore, she was chopping trees from the forest with an axe borrowed from Astrid to accrue the supplies to build her own shelter. She had started by building a raised framework that had been sunk into the ground to provide stability, and was now lashing logs and branches together to create the floor.

"Hey! Need a hand getting that up there?" she heard a voice call, and looked up. Astrid was hovering above her, riding Stormfly, her Deadly Nadder. The dragon dropped down and snatched up the floor, lifting it into the air. "Hey! What are you doing with my floor?" Amelia shouted, but paused as Stormfly deposited it perfectly atop the thirty-metre scaffolding she had already erected. "Nevermind, that's good!" she hollered, cupping her hands to make sure she heard her.

Astrid flew down as Amelia began selecting branches from the pile she had trimmed from the trees she had already logged. "Building walls now?" she asked. "Nope. Now, I'm building a ladder," the pirate corrected her. "Smart," Astrid nodded, watching Amelia lash vines together, creating a rope ladder. "You're good at that," she

nodded.

"On the ship, I was small and light. I got good at climbing rigging," Rather than a conventional ladder, the pirate girl was creating a structure that seemed somewhat reminiscent of a net to Astrid. "That doesn't look like a ladder," she pointed out. "This is a ship's rigging. It used to be my job to climb this up to the crow's nest and keep lookout for other ships,"

"What's a crow's nest?" the Viking asked. Amelia paused, before remembering something. "That's right, you Vikings have those weird longboats. No, the sort of ship I'm used to is way bigger than the boats you use," she explained. "We have a sort of basket at the top of the central mast that I sat in and looked around. You could see for miles,"

"How much bigger?" Astrid continued to question. "An English galleon? Probably the size of this entire outpost. Your boats are rowboats compared to my ships," the orange-haired girl smirked as she finished lashing the triangular rigging together. "Want me to get that up there?" Astrid offered, but Amelia shook her head, putting the corner of the net around her neck and began to climb up one of the poles making up the framework. The rigging billowed behind her like a giant cape.

Hiccup approached, having come to check on Amelia. "What's she doing?" he frowned, watching the net billow out behind her. "Best I can figure, she's homesick. So she's building that to be like one of her massive galleon ships," Astrid gestured. "I get that. But why is she wearing a giant net?" he questioned.

"Apparently it's part of a boat," Astrid shrugged. Hiccup looked up and shook his head. "I don't see it,"

Amelia reached the top and tied the corner of the rigging to the top post, letting it billow down to the ground in a huge triangle. She rapidly climbed down it and started tying branches to the bottom, weighing it down. "Oh, uh, hey. Interesting design you've got there," Hiccup greeted her. "It's called a rigging. We have them on our English frigates,"

"I thought you said they were galleons," Astrid frowned. Amelia shrugged. "Galleons, frigates, they're basically the same thing if you don't want to get technical,"

"Which one were you on?" Astrid questioned, narrowing her eyes. "A galleon. She was beautiful, too, before she got destroyed," The Viking nodded, her momentary suspicions assuaged, and Hiccup stepped forwards. "I've never seen anything like that on a ship," he pointed out. "Riggings are attached to the masts of our ships, they let us climb up them," The pirate frowned at having to explain it again. "Your ships must have really big masts," Hiccup commented. "Naah. We just have really big ships," Amelia shrugged, snatching up the axe. "I'm gonna get more wood,"

X

"What is this?" she asked, picking at the food Fishlegs had served for everyone. "Yak stew. Go on, try it. You'll love it," the fat boy enthusiastically encouraged her. Shrugging, she put her spoon to the

stew and sipped at it, before nodding in approval. "It beats two-month-old dried beef, I'll give you that,"

"Yes!" Fishlegs grinned. "That's really not saying much," Snotlout pointed out. Fishlegs just rolled his eyes at him and walked away. Amelia observed with interest. "Ignore them, you get used to it," Astrid recommended, and the pirate nodded.

"So, Amelia," Snotlout turned to her with a somewhat perverted grin. "Unless you want me to throw you off the roof again, stop talking now," Amelia glared at him, and he backed off in fear. "Shutting up, shutting up,"

Amelia looked over at Hiccup, and noticed Toothless sitting like a cat next to him. The two were looking at what almost looked like a telescope of some sort. As she watched, Toothless opened his mouth and purple light flared in his throat. Amelia watched, amazed, as the telescope reflected the light and produced an image of some sort. "It's called the Dragon Eye," Astrid commented. "It uses the light from a dragon's fire to produce some kind of image. I'm not sure how," Astrid shrugged. "Cool," she breathed.

"Well, I'm headed to bed. See you tomorrow," Astrid smiled, standing up, grasping her axe (which she evidently had spares of) and walking out of the hall.

As Amelia wandered closer, Hiccup pressed a button and something was ejected from the Dragon Eye. "What's that?" Amelia frowned. "It's called the Dragon Eye -" Hiccup started, but Amelia shook her head. "Astrid filled me in. I mean, that," She gestured at the oak-and-crystal lens that Hiccup had just ejected from the Eye. "It's a lens. There's a bunch of them hidden all over the place," Hiccup explained. The pirate picked it up, examining it closer. "It looks just like my necklace," she frowned, reaching into her shirt and pulling out the oaken disc strung around her neck.

The Viking froze at the sight of it. "That's a Dragon Eye lens. Where did you find it?" he asked, stunned. "What, this old thing? My mum gave it to me. Some kind of family heirloom. It's pretty useless," the pirate shrugged. "Can I see it?" Hiccup requested, and she shrugged again and pulled it over her neck. "Sure," Amelia nodded, handing the necklace to him. Immediately, Hiccup slotted the lens into the Dragon Eye. "Toothless?" he asked, holding it to his dragon, who illuminated it with his purple fire.

A variety of drawings, sketches and letters written in Norse appeared on the table. Hiccup squinted at them for a few moments, then stood up in shock. "Whoa, bud, check this out," he breathed. Fishlegs immediately rushed over. "What? What is it?"

"You're gotta see this," Hiccup breathed, as the two scholarly Vikings inspected it. "This is incredible," Fishlegs breathed. "What? What is it?"

"It's a map to an island where an extremely rare species of dragon lives, the species that the Dragon Eye's creator," Fishlegs paused in shock. "Used to ride?" he demanded. "And-and it's also," Hiccup paused, pressing a button, and the projection changed, now showing nothing but Norse letters. "His memoirs and will," he breathed. "Well, what does it say?" Amelia demanded. "While the rest of my

lenses and projection devices I have hidden in the Archipelago, I have saved this one for myself and my family, in the hope that someday a descendant of mine will return to my beloved home. It pains me to leave, but it has become too dangerous to stay. Descendant of mine, if and when you ever read this, follow the map inscribed on this lens. It will lead you to your destiny," Hiccup read, before looking at Amelia. "You said this was a family heirloom?" he asked, shock evident on his face. "Yeah. What's the big deal?" she asked. "The big deal, is that you are descended from the guy who made the Dragon Eye!" Fishlegs screamed in excitement.

Amelia blinked. "Is that good?"

A/N

A/N

And there we have it. I'm not in the mood to beat around the bush in these events, plus I am trying to match the show's fast-paced plot method.

Even so, normally I would wait a little longer before dropping a bomb like this, but I wanted Amelia to get her dragon ASAP. Call me selfish. XD

Peace!

4. Red Goliath

Chapter 3: Red Goliath

"I take it this is a big deal?" Amelia asked from her position on Toothless behind Hiccup.

"This is a massive deal," Hiccup nodded. "According to that map, there's an island outside the limits of our maps that's home to the remnants of an incredibly rare and powerful species of dragon your ancestor called Earthquake Goliaths,"

"And that's important why?" the pirate asked. "Because if Earthquake Goliaths are as powerful as the lens says, we have to make sure that Dagur can't get at them. Plus, if they're endangered, they should be protected," Hiccup explained. "And they can't protect themselves?" Amelia skeptically snorted. "Well, we don't know. The lens was damaged, some of the information's missing," her friend shrugged.

"Yeah. Sorry about that," Amelia shrugged. She still didn't really see how it concerned her. "Oi! How long's the trip?" Snotlout demanded from the neck of his own massive Monstrous Nightmare dragon, Hookfang. "Might be another few hours. It's a long way away," Hiccup called back, before crouching in his seat and patting Toothless. "Think you're up for it, bud?" The sleek black dragon nodded in the affirmative and tried to pull ahead of the others to prove it.

"Well, I'm taking a nap. Wake me when we get there," Amelia casually leant back and closed her eyes, unbuttoning her jumper and letting the sun warm her.

Hiccup groaned. He had another reason for taking Amelia to the island. He was hoping that she could bond with a member of this rare species like he had with Toothless, but felt it would be unwise to tell her that. But if this was her attitude towards things in general, that might prove difficult.

X

"Okay, sleepyhead, we're almost there," Hiccup shook Amelia awake, and she groaned. "Five more minutes,"

"Not on this ship," Hiccup snorted, and at that her eyes flew open and she looked around, seeming disappointed about the fact that they were still on Toothless. "In five minutes, we'll be there," he told her, gesturing at a landmass in the distance. Conspired to all the other islands Hiccup had been to, it was absolutely huge, at least ten times the size of Berk, and three times the size of the island Dragon's Edge was situated upon. Parts of it were covered in foliage, and several mountains were situated on it.

"Whoa," Amelia breathed as Astrid flew closer. "Are you seeing this?" she grinned. "I wonder what kinds of dragons live there?" Fishlegs called over.

Suddenly, Ruffnut and Tuffnut got closer on their two-headed Hideous Zippleback, Barf and Belch. "Guys, you should check this out. It's totally awesome," Ruffnut called over, banking to the left. With a moment's hesitation, Hiccup followed her, and the others followed him.

Everyone's jaws went slack at the sight of a large hole that had been smashed into one of the mountains, creating a massive cave. The entrance was easily twice Toothless' wingspan, which in itself was almost twenty feet. "What do you think did that?" Fishlegs gulped. "Whatever it is, I want it," Tuffnut maniacally grinned.

Hiccup flew closer, inspecting the cave. "Well, it's been here a while. A long while," he concluded, noting the smoothed edges and lack of rubble. "Let's go inside," Hiccup decided, steering Toothless into the cave.

As they went in, it seemed that the entire mountain was merely a shell around this one massive cave. "It's like a giant house," Astrid breathed. "Uh, guys! I think I found something!" Fishlegs called, and the others hastened to him as they found what almost looked like a stone statue of a sleeping dragon, a little larger than Hookfang. It had a wide, strong body, large, powerful wings to support it and a long tail that ended in a club. Its head resembled a Gronckle's, but smooth, with no visible ears and - Hiccup stilled as he spotted its last feature. Six closed eyes. "Do you think this is an Earthquake Goliath?" Fishlegs asked. "Maybe. I did read something about Goliaths being able to put themselves into a sort of hibernation state and go for centuries without eating, drinking, or even ageing," Hiccup nodded. "Well, let's wake 'em up!" Snotlout grinned. "Hookfang? Roar as loud as you can, please," Hiccup blanched. "I really don't think that-"

For once, his dragon complied, unleashing an ear-splitting roar that shook the mountain. The humans covered their ears, and even the

dragons seemed upset.

"What the hell are you thinking?" Hiccup demanded. "Look at that thing! It has six eyes! Do you know what the only species of dragon around with six eyes is?"

Snotlout, scared by Hiccup's outburst, shook his head no. "A Red Death!" Hiccup shouted.

"Uh, guys?" Fishlegs asked. Hiccup ignored him.

"But, this should be an Earthquake Goliath, not a Red-" Astrid started, but Hiccup cut her off. "We only called it a Red Death because we'd never seen or heard of anything like it and - and thought the name sounded good! It is completely possible that Red Deaths and Earthquake Goliaths are one and the same!" he exclaimed. "Guys?" Fishlegs repeated.

"What's a Red Death?" Amelia asked. "The most cruel, powerful, evil species of dragon there is. They have the ability to mind control other dragons," Hiccup explained. "Listen to me!" Fishlegs barked, and everyone turned to him. "What?"

"It's awake!" Fishlegs shouted, gesturing at the dragon, who had opened two of its eyes and was slowly raising its head. Everyone paused, stunned.

"Y'now, he's kinda cute for a dragon," Amelia commented. The Goliath fixed its stare on her, and she snorted. "Don't you stare at me like that. You aren't so tough,"

"Amelia! No!" Hiccup shouted, but the pirate blew him off. "What's he gonna do? Mind control me to death?" she snorted, advancing on the dragon. "Amelia. Drop your weapons. He'll be more ready to trust you if you're unarmed," Hiccup advised.

"Who says I want him to trust me?" the pirate snorted, but heeded Hiccup's advice and undid her belt., letting her sheathed cutlass drop to the ground. The dragon grunted in surprise, opening two more of its eyes. "That's it, wake up. If I can escape the British Navy in a rowboat with a sail made of palm trees and driftwood, I can deal with you," she smirked. The Vikings flinched away, all of them remembering the horror of the last member of the species they had encountered. The semi-awake dragon suddenly roared, globe of spittle flying from its maw, one of which hit Amelia in the face. She wiped it off and twisted her mouth in a sneer. "No one spits at me, dragon,"

"Is it just me, or does she kinda remind you of your dad?" Fishlegs leant over to Hiccup and whispered at him. "Only a little,"

The dragon growled at her - and in a completely unexpected turn of events, she growled back, mimicking the dragon near-perfectly. The dragon actually shied back a foot or two, and Snotlout stared in shock at this turn of events. "I am so in love with her right now," he breathed, and in a flash Amelia rounded to glare daggers at him. "What was that?"

"Nothing, nothing," Snotlout whimpered. "Good," Amelia tossed over her shoulder, before turning back to the dragon. "That's it. I'm in

charge here, pipsqueak,"

The dragon cocked it's head at that, before moving towards her and bending it's head. Hiccup blinked, before realising what the dragon wanted. "Amelia. Put your hand on his snout. I think he's tame,"

Amelia sceptically cocked an eyebrow, but shrugged and carefully reached out with her right hand. Gently, she petted the dragon behind the spur above his nose. The Red Death closed it's eyes and shivered in pleasure, trying to affectionately nuzzle the pirate's waist. "Oh, you're just a big softie, aren't you?" She couldn't help but chuckle. "Most dragons generally are, at heart, but I never thought that one of these could be tamed," Hiccup breathed in astonishment, stepping forward to inspect the dragon. Instantly, he turned and snarled at the Viking, before Amelia scratched between his eyes again and he crooned in pleasure. "Now now, you don't growl at that toothpick unless he annoys me, and he hasn't yet, so no growling," Amelia commanded, and the dragon seemed to nod at her.

Fishlegs peered into the gloom at the dragon's underbelly, and noticed something that was definitely unnatural. "He's wearing something on his leg," The pirate turned to see where he was gesturing and noticed some kind of band strapped around the dragon's left hind leg. "Oi, toothpick. What does this say?"

Hiccup came over and crouched down. "You really need to learn to read Norse," he suggested, squinting at the band. "It's a bit faded, but I think I can make it out. It says, 'For my next of kin to find this place. With love, Grandpa,'" Hiccup chuckled, backing away from the six-eyed dragon.

"I can't believe it!" Ruffnut grinned. "I know. We have a tame Red Death!" Tuffnut matched her enthusiasm.

In unison, they went as white as ghosts as a wicked cutlass blade shot between their noses with centimetres to spare. "No. I have a tame Red Death. You have nothing but more heads than brains between you," Amelia snorted.

Fishlegs quietly whispered to Hiccup, "Now I think she's more like your dad had a child with Heather," The boy blanched at the thought, and Snotlout sighed. "I am so into that,"

"But we only have one head each," Ruffnut protested. "So we must have less than one brain each! Of course!" Tuffnut eagerly shouted

Amelia sheathed her sword and rolled her eyes. "The only thing less than one is zero. See if you can get that through your thick skulls," She turned back to the dragon eagerly looking at her. "Don't get any big ideas, pipsqueak. Just because I find one dragon tolerable doesn't mean I forgive you lot for destroying my boat,"

"That reminds me. We need to find that rogue Typhoomerang," Hicup resolved. "I'll take a note," Fishlegs nodded.

"How do I get on this thing?" Amelia queried, and Astrid moved over to help her. "It's pretty simple. Find the right spot and swing your leg over," Astrid demonstrated on Stormfly, and the pirate attempted to mirror her, only to lose her grip and fall to the hard floor. Her

dragon waited patiently, and looked at her, seeming almost a little smug. "Oh, don't give me that look, pipsqueak," The dragon grinned at the name. "You're calling a Red Death, the physically second-largest species of dragon currently known to man, Pipsqueak?" Snotlout asked, incredulous.

"Yep," Amelia smirked, picking herself up and trying again. This time, she got a grip on Pipsqueak's back and settled in. "It suits him,"

"Okay," Hiccup shrugged. "Astrid, take Tuffnut and the twins and search the island for any other Red Deaths. I want to know exactly how many there are and as much about them as possible,"

"What are you doing?" Snotlout asked with a frown.

"Fishlegs is going to go back to Berk and tell Gobber to get out here with his finest saddle-making gear. Amelia's gonna need a saddle. I," he paused, breathing in, "am going to teach her to ride a dragon,"

"You can count on me, Hiccup," Astrid nodded. "I'll get going now," Fishlegs grinned.. "I know," Hiccup smiled at them as Fishlegs mounted Meatlug and flew out of the cave. "It's them I'm worried about," he surreptitiously gestured at Snorlout and the twins.

"How do you make him go?" Amelia called, and Hiccup looked back at her. "Just tell him. Dragons are smart, he'll figure it out," The blond Viking winced. "Good luck,"

Hiccup remounted Toothless. "You too," he nodded, taking off. "Follow him," Amelia commanded, and Pipsqueak eagerly obeyed, Amelia clinging on for dear life and loosing a vulgar stream of obscenities in regards to her dragon's ability to fly straight. Astrid watched them go, and reflected, 'Apparently, for once I don't have the hardest job,'

X

"Can't you stop going up and down, you great galumphing -" Amelia cut herself off as Pipsqueak skimmed the ocean. Hiccup had been teaching her to work in unison with her dragon. It wasn't going so well. "Trust him! He knows what he's doing!" Hiccup shouted from above her. "Could have fooled me!" Amelia retorted. "Up, Pipsqueak, up. You wouldn't believe how sick of water I am!" Much to her chagrin, the dragon landed on a small shingles and began to lap at the seawater. Amelia fumed as Hiccup and Toothless landed next to her. "It takes time to form a proper bond with your dragon. But don't worry, don't worry. It'll come,"

"Really? Well, how did you two meet?" Amelia sceptically folded her arms. Hiccup blinked and nervously scratched his neck again. "I, ah, shot him out of the sky,"

The pirate blinked. "There's a story there that I'm going to have to hear," she resolved as Pipsqueak stood up. "You two ready to go?" Hiccup asked. "Yup," she nodded, and Hiccup cast her a knowing glance. "Is your dragon?"

"He just had a drink. He's fine," Amelia snorted, and Toothless

harrumphed. Pipsqueak almost seemed to shrug. "You sure? You should at least ask," Hiccup encouraged her.

She rolled her eyes, but complied. "Are you ready to go, Pipsqueak?" she monotonously questioned. The dragon eagerly nodded, spreading his wings and lifting off to prove it. Toothless eagerly accepted the challenge and shot into the air after him, Hiccup rapidly working the artificial tail fin to keep up. "A little warning would be once next time, bud," he asked, and Toothless growled. 'Fine,' Hiccup imagined he had said, and turned his mind back to Pipsqueak the Red Death.

X

A huge, white, skeletal dragon with pointed odds and ends protruding from all angles soared through the air, accompanied by Fishlegs and Meatlug. "So, what's this new girl like?" Gobber asked from his perch atop his Boneknapper dragon, calling to Fishlegs. "Scary and really, really good with her sword,"

"Please, you think all girls are scary," the smith snorted, and Fishlegs shivered. "Because most of the time, they are,"

"What kind of dragon are we dealing with for her?" the man asked. "Big, broad, and heavy. Like a Rumblehorn, but a bit bigger and more," Fishlegs paused, remembering the fear he had felt at the realisation that it was a Red Death. "Terrifying,"

"Sounds good. What's the species called?" Gobber innocently asked. "You'll know it when you see it," he nervously responded.

X

"So, where is she?" Gobber asked, lugging a pack of saddle-making supplies. Some way away, the sound of incessant swearing could be heard. "Just follow the curse words," Fishlegs advised, slowly backing away. Gobber shook his head, moving towards the sound. "What is the world coming to?"

Eventually he reached Amelia's house, which had been completed yesterday - or so she thought. Upon their return from Goliath Island, as Hiccup had dubbed it, because Pipsqueak was too large to fit more than his head into the house without destroying it they had begun to construct a dragon-lodge underneath it to his specifications. "Hello up there! I hear there's a lass in need of a saddle!" he called up. Hiccup and Amelia looked down. "Hey Gobber!"

"I thought you said only the seven of us lived here!" Amelia hissed. "We do. Gobber lives on Berk, but I asked him to come out here so that he could make you a saddle," Hiccup explained. "Coulda told me that," the pirate snorted, grasping a vine hanging from the top of her house and stepping down. The vine swung in an arc, and she let go at the apex, before leaping down and landing in a crouch in front of the burly Viking. "Oi! Pipsqueak! Get over here!" she barked, and her dragon happily obliged, leaping down with an earthshaking thud and rushing over. Gobber paled as he stared down the dragon. "You call a big lout like this Pipsqueak?" he asked in confusion. "With a dragon like this, you have to show dominance. The name helps remind him I'm in charge," she explained, and Gobber sagely nodded.

"Actually, that's not quite right," Hiccup contradicted her. "Dragon's need to be treated with respect and kindness," he started, but Amelia interrupted him "Save it, toothpick. Maybe your flying piece of charcoal works that way, but Pipsqueak's with me because he wants to be. If he doesn't like it, he can leave, right?" The dragon nodded and nuzzled her arm. "Oh, get off, you big lug," she snorted, but rubbed his muzzle anyway.

Hiccup started to speak, but paused as he realised that Amelia was being kind to her dragon, she just didn't want to admit it. "Alright then," he shrugged.

"Never seen a dragon quite like this," Gobber commented, stepping up and clapping Pipsqueak on the back. The dragon roared and affectionately used it's tail to club Gobber in the back. He wheezed, but grinned. "What's the breed called? Fishlegs was oddly vague," he asked. "Hiccup said it was called a -" Amelia started, but Hiccup cut her off. "Earthquake Goliath," he told Gobber. "Why do they call them that?" he asked, scratching his head. "Because he, is just a kid," Hiccup told him.

Gobber blinked in surprise. Pipsqueak was already only a little under half the size of his Boneknapper. "They get big?" he queried. "We assume so," Hiccup nodded.

"Well, you're gonna need a big saddle, eh, lassie?" he grinned, setting down his pack and beginning to take measurements. "I might be a little while,"

"Take all the time you need. I am in no rush to get back on him," Amelia snorted. "Pipsqueak? Stay still until Gobber's done, okay? I'm getting something to eat," she commanded. The Red Death roared eagerly. "Fine, fine, I'll bring you back something too," the pirate snorted, waving a hand and walking away.

Toothless, who had arrived while they were talking, grunted in confusion. Hiccup looked down at him and shrugged. "I know it's not what we're used to, bud, but hey, it seems to be working for them," The Night Fury snorted, moving towards Pipsqueak. Hiccup watched in curiosity as the two dragons seemed to conduct a sort of conversation comprised of grunts and snarls on Toothless' part, and small roars and something that sounded suspiciously like a yawn from Pipsqueak. Eventually Toothless groaned and turned away in a huff, motioning for Hiccup to follow him. "We really need a more effective way to communicate," the Viking mused. "I have no idea what you two were just talking about,"

Toothless froze, as though struck by a thought, before turning to Hiccup and showing his teeth in a sort of smile. "I know that look," Hiccup sighed.

A/N

****A/N****

****Okay, so, firstly, in regards to that last passage, I know a lot of authors in this fandom involve magic and Norse mythology and stuff in their fiction. I just want to say, that in relation to Toothless' 'idea'; YES, there will be such things in this fiction.****

****Secondly, I'm pretty sure the idea of a tame Red Death hasn't been done before, and I wanted to try it.****

****Death the dragon, because real pirates never actually made that sound. No one would have taken them seriously if they did. Look at Hector Barbossa.****

****Thanks, KR. :)****

****Peace!****

End
file.